UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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On Returning from Abroad

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

A Preacher Looks at Teaching

By ELMO A. ROBINSON

Impressions of Oberammergau

By THEODORE HAHN

New Books

Reviews by FREDERICK STARR

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 51
On Returning from Abroad—ALSON H. ROBINSON 53
Jottings—J. H. H. 55

ARTICLES—
Our Acquisitive Society:
I.—*Thorstein Veblen*
II.—*John Maynard Keynes* 51
A Preacher Looks at Teaching—ELMO A. ROBINSON 56
Impressions of Oberammergau — THEODORE HAHN 58

POETRY—
The Sea—MARGUERITE EMILIO 55
Radical—LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY 55

THE STUDY TABLE—
New Books—FREDERICK STARR 60

CORRESPONDENCE—
Hindu-Muslim Unity in India—J. C. KUMARAPPA 62
Good Music for the People—EDWIN D. MEAD 62
India the Milch Cow—ALICE STONE BLACKWELL 63
Gandhi in Prison—MIRA 63

THE FIELD—
Abraham Lincoln Centre Friday Morning Forum 63
Fifty-third Annual Conference of the Iowa Unitarian Association 63
Military Training Hard Hit—*The Nation* 64
Total Number of Arrests by Provinces in India 64
Lectures by Anna Louise Strong 64

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CVI MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1930 NUMBER 4

OUR ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY

I

"Emulation and consequent invidious distinction are at the foundation of individual property rights."

—*Thorstein Veblen,*
"The Theory of the Leisure Class."

II

"This remarkable system depended for its growth on a double bluff or deception. On the one hand the laboring classes accepted from ignorance or powerlessness, or were compelled, persuaded, or cajoled by custom, convention, authority, and the well-established order of society into accepting a situation in which they could call their own very little of the cake that they and Nature and the capitalists were co-operating to produce. And on the other hand the capitalist classes were allowed to call the best part of the cake theirs and were theoretically free to consume it, on the tacit understanding that they consumed very little of it in practice. . . . Thus the bluff is discovered; the laboring classes may be no longer willing to forego so largely, and the capitalist classes, no longer confident of the future, may seek to enjoy more fully their liberties of consumption so long as they last, and thus precipitate the hour of their confiscation."

—*John Maynard Keynes,*
"The Economic Consequences of the Peace."

The cycle of business depression in America continues. The recurrence of crises in the industrial and financial world comes as regularly as the changing seasons, if not as the mechanical clock-beat. How familiar are the historic dates—1837, 1857, 1873, 1893, 1912, and now 1930! In between these last two dates, 1912 and 1930, came fluctuations of inflation and deflation, just as such fluctuations came in the interval between 1857 and 1873; but in both cases it was the vast explosion of war which interrupted the even rhythm of the cycles. Apart from these unusual upsets, the business world of America is due to suffer a collapse once every sixteen to twenty years. Which means, incidentally, that the next crash will come about 1948! We were told when the great Federal Reserve system was established that these recurring crises were at an end. A system of control had at last been established which would keep the ship of trade on an even keel! Now the great achievement has been tested—with the result, as vividly revealed in the stock panic of last November, that the loud-tooted Federal Reserve only served to accelerate, instead of retard or prevent, the debâcle. What we have here is only one more demonstration of a phenomenon implicit in the vast, all-encompassing organism of industry which is our life. Panics are a product of capitalism. It is no more possible to avoid disasters of this kind in a system of competitive private profit in the production of human necessities than it is possible to avoid explosions in an over-heated boiler. As prosperity gets going after a period of depression and begins to produce its dazzling private gains, everybody immediately proceeds to go mad with the lust of lucre and races to the inevitable disaster of the next smash-up. Panics will end when capitalism ends—when our present system of competitive struggle is succeeded by a wholly new system of mutual aid.

Meanwhile, the teaching of the old lesson under the conditions of shock and alarm now prevailing in this country, may have some unexpectedly good results. The sudden declaration of Governor Roosevelt, of New York, for example, that he is in favor of unemployment insurance, is a development as amazing as it is wholesome. It would seem as though, so long as we are doomed to live under a social system which produces unemployment every once and so often, we should find a way of taking care of those who suffer for no reason for which they as individuals are responsible. Unemployment insurance is such a way. Its philosophy is the simple doctrine that the consequences of a general disaster should be distributed through the whole body politic, or economic, and thus be borne by all instead of by the few directly and innocently affected. Other countries have found this philosophy workable. Germany has characteristically organized it into one of the most effective and beneficent social institutions in the world today. It has kept Britain alive during a decade of the most terrible depression ever suffered in her history. Of course, Americans do not like to copy other countries. We prefer to think that our country is a country apart, our people a chosen people. If business panics come, they are momentary; our energy and courage will enable us to "snap out" of them without too much damage done. But this last year has brought us tragic disillusionment. The year ahead looks none too good. Millions of men and women are going to be idle this winter, and their children starving. Might it not be wise to trust no longer to luck but to science—to follow the example of other countries and handle unemployment, like accident, sickness, death, as an occasion for insurance? If the pres-

ent business experience results in some such achievement as this, ill will have done some good.

Yes, every cloud has a silver lining. Take Prohibition, for example! Enforcement of this great law is confessedly difficult. But just when it seemed as though the difficulties were insuperable and, according to jubilant "wet" sentiment, things were "on the loose" everywhere, along came the business depression to give aid and comfort to the "drys." Of course, the liquor violations of the last few years have only been a part of the general demoralization of the times. Great numbers of people, especially in the so-called "upper classes," have had more money to spend than they have known what to do with, and the result has inevitably been the debauch that always follows upon too much wealth. Prosperity, in other words, has brought in its train the wild pursuit of pleasure, easy laxity of living, corruption and utter rottenness. But now prosperity has gone. People are no longer spending, but saving. Suddenly the whole psychology of the age is a thrift psychology. And, lo and behold, the bootleggers, like other business men who deal in luxuries, find themselves hard put to it to dispose of their wares. Speakeasies are closing, right and left. Night clubs are fighting a losing battle for existence. Heywood Broun, must incorrigible as well as most amiable and honest of "wet" advocates, has recently testified that he hunted out Texas Guinan's famous "Show Place" on Long Island, only to find the door closed at one o'clock in the morning after a performance which had entertained "scarcely more than half a dozen" patrons. The old, mad inflated prosperity has gone, and it is not coming back for many a year to come—which means, among other things, that the bootleggers' paradise is padlocked! In the same way are deeper forces working on the side of Prohibition. The swift fluctuations of habit and fashion, for example! For years, now, it has been the "smart" thing—the style, so to speak—to drink, just as it has been the "smart" thing, the style, for women to wear their skirts to their knees or beyond. Well, styles change. Skirts are coming down to shoe-tops or beyond, and it is no longer exciting, or fashionable, or *à la mode,* to get drunk on cocktails and highballs. No, the "kick" has gone, or is fast going, out of this particular kind of conduct. Men and women are looking elsewhere for the next "thing to do." Which means that time is all on the side of the Prohibitionist! And that, incidentally, is what the Bible means by "the stars in their courses."

The German elections, whose repercussions rolled through Europe like thunder through the welkin, had a wholesome effect so far as the foreign relations of Germany are concerned. They have served to clear the air. The world in general and France in particular now know what is ahead if the German people are not speedily released from the bonds of injustice and oppression laid upon them at Versailles. We wish, however, that these elections, so wholesome outside Germany, were not so forbidding within. The Fascists, led by Adolf Hitler, are a terrible party. Like the Communists, with whom they clasp hands on so many domestic issues, they are opposed to the republic, and if they had the power would destroy it in an instant and set up a dictatorship in its stead. They are, of course, militarist to the core, and will do all that can be done under existing conditions to arm the Fatherland to the teeth. They are nationalistic in the most extreme chauvinistic sense, as is shown by the fact that they would expel from Germany all non-Germans who have entered Germany since August 2, 1914, and close the gates of the country to all non-Germans. They are anti-Semitic, and in their present political ascendancy may be expected to give the Jews the most difficult times that they have had since the bitter years immediately following the close of the Great War. If we thought that the German people, or even any considerable proportion of the 6,400,000 men and women who voted for Fascist candidates in the recent elections, believed in these things, we should be in utter despair. But this is not the case! The real Fascists in Germany, those of the Hitler type, are no more numerous today than they have ever been. The amazing vote for Fascist candidates on the right side, and for Communist candidates on the left side, had nothing to do with domestic issues. The Germans were striking not at the republic, not at Jews, but at their own oppressors who are bleeding them white to pay for a war which they did not fight and for which they are not responsible. If dictatorships or pogroms threatened, the Germans could be trusted to be sensible. But *not* if they are to be bound forever, or even for another generation, to the chariot wheels of the Allies!

Many of our readers must be wondering why we have been saying nothing in these columns about the amazing changes which are taking place these days in the attitude of men toward Soviet Russia. Only a few months ago our western world was raging with fury against the Bolsheviki. Cardinal — beg pardon! — Bishop Manning was holding a great service in his cathedral in protest against the enormities of religious persecution in Russia. The Pope was publishing his appeal for a holy crusade against the infidels in Moscow. Congress caught the fever, and solemnly appointed a solemn committee to take evidence of the treasonable machinations of the unspeakable Communists in this best of all possible countries. It looked in the early summer as though we were right in the midst of another anti-Bolshevik experience of fever and panic comparable to the silly and cruel days of the unspeakable Palmer, and we seem to remember that we said so in these columns. Then suddenly came the

investigating tour of the Fish committee, which made itself everywhere ridiculous amid the good-natured jeers of the populace. To the vast confusion of these Congressmen, the people displayed no alarm and very little interest. Then came the blast of Nicholas Murray Butler to the effect that the Soviet Government was here to stay, and that we had better make up our minds to recognize this fact, and live with the Russians as we live with other foreign nationals. This statement left us speechless for days! Then came the honest little confession of Stanwood Mencken, chairman of the National Security League, that he had been all wrong in his ideas about Russia, and that really the Bolsheviki are very good fellows. Not even H. L. Mencken's marriage stunned us like that! We simply passed into a state of coma. And that's the reason why we have been silent all these weeks. Now, having revived, let us simply say that we know the reason for this change —depressed America needs Russia's trade! We also see the outcome of this change—recognition of the Russian Government within a year!

The country got pretty well "fed up" on so-called endurance contests this past summer. What had been something of a folly suddenly developed into an out-and-out mania, and people got disgusted. Morons perching on flag-poles and towers, children and other infantile individuals roosting night and day in trees, boys riding weeks at a time on bicycles, lunatic aviators driving their droning motors for 400, 500, 1,000 hours without stopping—all this began to get on the nation's nerves, and protests were loud and long. With these protests we sympathize. If insane exhibitionists can't be restrained in any other way, we would put them in prison-cells and let them try for an endurance record in solitary confinement. Yet do we think that these half-wits should not be utterly condemned until at least they have been understood. What do we have in such a spectacle as this, after all, but an extension to the ignorant and empty-headed portion of the population of that mania for records which has long since become a fixed characteristic of our civilization? Take the matter of tall buildings, for example! For years now, our architects and financiers have been competing with one another for a Tower of Babel endurance record. First one skyscraper and then another became "the tallest." But story was still piled upon story. The limits of physical beauty and investment security and public utility were passed and then left far behind, but still the buildings went up ever higher and higher. At last, this past winter, two structures in New York raced for supremacy, and at last the Chrysler building won by crowning its peak with a flag-pole loftier than an ordinary dwelling. And now the Chrysler building has just been overtopped by the Empire State building. All this, of course, is madness. Yet we see it in the thirst of cities for population growth, of newspapers for circulation, of banks for consolidation, of nations for territory. Shall we ever recover the wisdom of the Greek maxim: "Moderation in all things?"

On Returning from Abroad

[A Report on Canada]

What does it mean to go abroad? Just at the present moment a lot of persons are engaged in the doubtful pastime of counting up their assets and liabilities as a result of such a venture and ought to be in a position to make eloquent answer to such a question. The verb "to go" is fairly self-explanatory. It is the green light of American culture. The meaning of "abroad" is not equally clear. To be sure, certain associations have grown up around the word such as summer and Europe. We go abroad in the summer time to Europe!

Unfortunately, the transportation companies have changed our scale of things and one has to go a good deal further away than Europe to get abroad. Russia at the moment seems to be the irreducible minimum; though where we shall have to go next in order to satisfy our ambition to secure admittance into what Emerson speaks of as a "Fools' Paradise," these transportation concerns can alone reveal.

Of course, there is no chance of ever securing it, but if anything like enduring satisfaction is to be obtained from any expedition away from the scenes with which one is made familiar by daily necessity, the first condition is that nothing counts unless an effort is made to find out something about the point of view, the outlook upon life, which is fairly dominant among those whose hospitality we have accepted. In personal relation we like others to see things from our point of view. We do not always demand that they shall adopt it, although even that would not make us feel badly, and might conceivably do them no harm. If we like others to see our point of view, it is conceivable that they feel the same way about their own, and by a *sequitur* which may not be too violent, what applies to individuals may be regarded as applying to states and nations as well.

In view of the fact that there is thus far no binding element in the distance which one must travel to go abroad, it might possibly be suggested with due regard to the suspicion under which one makes his journey that instead of going far abroad one might go near abroad, and turning to the nearest foreign soil would for a very large proportion of us bring us for the first time into contact with our northern neighbors in the Dominion of Canada.

If the United States citizen, commonly known

abroad as an American, as though he were the whole of it, is sufficiently sober by the time he gets far enough into Canada to make any intelligent observation, or attempt to see the thing from the Canadian point of view, one of the first things which will impress him will be the size of the country. If you want something big, here it is. Turn it over upon its eastern coast, and it will fill up the Atlantic Ocean, submerge the British Isles and spread over half of Europe. And when one realizes that within this vast territory he will find a population of little more than ten millions of persons, together with the fact that in 1890 it was estimated that a million square miles of this territory had not yet been explored, when he takes these things into consideration, he will become aware of the opportunity within easy grasp of realizing an ambition born out of the romance and melodrama of the movies, to become a pioneer once again after the fashion of the adventurers in our own territory a hundred years ago.

Another feature which will probably impress him will be the strangeness with which many of the names, and much of the language will fall upon his Anglo-Saxon ears. He will realize that if he wants to know what much of it means he must familiarize himself with the history of France. To be sure, there are certain names like that of Samuel de Champlain, for instance, which he has heard of because we have a lake of that name; but it will be another story to him that this doughty adventurer arrived in Quebec at least twelve years in advance of the Mayflower. History repeated itself in Plymouth. Of the twenty-seven Colonists who settled what is now the city of Quebec only eight survived the first winter.

When Great Britain came into possession of this vast territory through the peace of Paris in 1763, His Majesty's Ministers had faint suspicion of the magnitude of the task which confronted them. It has often been affirmed, and probably with excellent justification, that had it not been for the traditions and loyalty of these Colonists in New France, the entire territory at the time of the American Revolution would have been swept into the new movement to the south. But that did not happen. Canada remained a dependency, and while such measurable degree of self-government as she enjoys today has been gained by persistent appeal, argument and struggle, on the whole, her people are happy in the position which she enjoys in the society of nations.

If the ubiquitous American tries to look at organized affairs from the point of view of his Canadian host, he will probably find as a result of his trip abroad that the following situations have a way of coming back for further consideration:

First, the meaning of Dominion status! At the Imperial Conference in 1926, it was stated with reference to these various members of the British Commonwealth that "they are autonomous communities . . . . equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any respect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown." That seems like a sufficiently clear statement, but the spirit of nationalism is abroad these days with unusual vigor and on the eve of the Imperial Conference, opened in London this month, the Premier of South Africa comes forward with a chip on both shoulders, as Mr. Selden of the New York *Times* describes him, insisting that South Africa has an absolute right to secede whenever she wishes and to become as completely independent of Great Britain as the United States has. That is very bold and rather threatening talk. One is not likely to hear the matter pushed to such extreme in Canada, but he can hardly overlook the fact that Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of the new Government, was elected upon the slogan of "Canada First." If you ask the average Canadian wherein his allegiance lies he will look at you with an expression of pained surprise. He is a British subject, of course. Such an answer will invariably be forthcoming. One wonders how much longer it will be affirmed with similar vigor and conviction. Rudyard Kipling defined the relationship in his trenchant aphorism, "Daughter am I in my mother's home, but mistress in my own." It is a relationship which is not yet settled.

Secondly, what is going to happen to the wheat pool? The backbone of Canadian economy is wheat, not rum. About seven years ago Aaron Sapiro, fresh from his triumphs among the raisin growers of California, turned to the wheat growers of Alberta and Saskatchewan with the promise of a gospel which might save them from the exploitation of the Winnipeg speculators. These farmers had come to the conclusion that they were the victims of these men whose ambition was to get as much for themselves and give as little as necessary to the man who had sweated and toiled through the hot summer days in the fields. The wheat pool was an immediate success, resulting in the organization of one hundred and forty thousand farmers, and the control of sixty per cent of the wheat crop. Now this year they are facing the most critical period in their history. Forty-nine per cent of the exportable surplus of the wheat crop of 1929 still remains in the elevators, with the promise of a crop this year at least equal to that of a year ago. Canadians are frankly disturbed about the condition of their wheat market to which they look, and not to the provision of liquid refreshment for Americans, as the chief industry of their country.

Thirdly, Prohibition! Governmental control of liquor seems to afford a satisfactory solution so far as the Canadian is concerned. Conditions vary in the different Provinces and the requirements of manufacture, sale and distribution are decided by the provinces themselves. To be sure, the latitude of these require-

ments, together with the attraction of the summer and winter sports, resulted in a tourist business for Canada of two hundred and fifty million dollars during the year 1928. But the legislation was designed not for the lure of thirsty Americans but for the regulation of the traffic among their own people. They seem to feel that in spite of obvious and deplorable abuses, it is the best system thus far devised, and for the present the issue is closed.

Fourthly, the United Church of Canada is entitled to at least respectful salutation. A union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches, of less than ten years standing, brings into a single working fellowship nearly seven hundred thousand church members. That is an accomplishment of no mean proportion in these days when the fashion is to raise the walls of division still higher, and pass the most unconscionable remarks upon the integrity and intelligence of other sects than one's own.

Here are at least four elements of the first magnitude with which our neighbors to the north have come to grips with the courage of the pioneer. It is a good thing for one who goes abroad to Canada to try to understand these and other issues of national importance from their point of view. General Smuts has said: "Canada is magnificent in her infancy. I wonder what she will be in her maturity."

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

In Harry Emerson Fosdick's new church in New York, the following great men appear in carved likenesses above the portals:

Scientists—Hippocrates, Euclid, Archimedes, Hipparchus, Paré, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Dalton, Faraday, Darwin, Pasteur, Lister, Einstein.

Philosophers—Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, Seneca, Aquinas, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Emerson.

Religious Leaders—Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Origen, St. Francis, Dante, Luther, Calvin, Bunyan, Milton, Carey, Livingston.

Every man should carry two watches—a wrist watch for convenience and a pocket watch for accuracy! Now who do you suppose said that? Why, the Retail Jewelers Association. Amazing how disinterested and altruistic some people can be!

Evidences of American insanity continue to accumulate. Endurance contests, miniature golf, the Rudy Valeé mania, radio programs, automobile speeding, and sex "talkies" are a few of the more conspicuous instances of prevailing lunacy.

Fenner Brockway, M. P., radical member of the British Labor Party and ardent champion of India, startled the House of Commons this past summer by wearing a Gandhi cap within the sacred precincts. Forbidden in India, the cap thus made its way to England.

The census figures show that New York City now has a population of 6,962,200 persons. This is something over 6,000,000 too many!

The restoration of Prince Otto in Hungary will have one good result at least. It will throw into the political discard the unspeakable dictator, Admiral Horthy. We have no fondness for kings, but prefer a legitimate monarch to an illegitimate despot every time.

J. H. H.

The Sea

The sound of the sea abides with me,
Thank God for the sound of the sea!
For the rhythmic, pulsing undertone
Of the ocean's poetry!

The sight of the sea abides with me,
Thank God for the sight of the sea!
For the sparkling diamonds, opals, jade,
Of the ocean's jewelry!

The smell of the sea abides with me,
Thank God for the smell of the sea!
For the pungent tang from the salty deeps
Of the ocean's purity!

The love of the sea abides with me,
Thank God for the love of the sea!
For the mystic lure, the thrilling call
Of the ocean's immensity!

MARGUERITE EMILIO

Radical

"Be still!" I heard the surface waters say
With vicious laughter to the restless swell.—
"Insurgent malcontent, would you compel
Abandonment of our long-customed way?"
The wave, immobile to their bagatelle
Of words, with studied motion dashed to spray
These surface waters, hurling them pell-mell
Upon the rocks.—They laughed not then so well
Nor gibed so lightly. "Radical!" cried they.

More superficial than the foolish skim,
We bask content in pleasant lethargy,
And shake with laughter at the freakish whim
Of some deep-sounded soul that dares to see;

Until at last the undertow accrued
Upon the measure of a thunderbolt,
Sick of our doomed (or wilful) lassitude,
Mid cries of "Radical!" dares to revolt.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

A Preacher Looks at Teaching

Something over two years ago, after varied experiences in the ministry, I turned to teaching as a profession. This change came about for no very definite reason. I was not disillusioned with reference to the church, nor dispossessed of all convictions by the movements of popular morals. There were indeed many contributing causes which prompted this shifting of professional activity in middle life. Among these, undoubtedly, was the love of variety.

Variety certainly came my way. In these two years I have had classes in chemistry, general science, orchestra, band, high-school algebra, college algebra, descriptive geometry, slide rule, trigonometry, history of mathematics, history of philosophy, ethics, aesthetics, and introduction to psychology. In retrospect it seems probably that there were at least two or three of these subjects for which my teaching qualifications were none too adequate, although at the time I was quite willing, and for that matter still am willing, to teach anything which is likely to be requested. Few teachers are expected to offer quite such a wide range of subjects as this, but it often happens, especially in connection with the smaller high schools, that strange and unexpected teaching combinations are thrust upon the beginner. After this volcanic eruption of the accumulated products of the years I shall probably settle down, like so many others, to a geyser-like activity, spouting my usual line regularly once a quarter.

In my case it happens that I was somewhat familiar with all the assigned subjects, and that after twenty years of disuse a subject like chemistry was easily revived, even to the tone of the instructors' voices as they gave certain directions in the laboratory. While I have to admit that, other things being equal, it is probably desirable for a teacher to know something about the subject which he is teaching, nevertheless there is a sense in which he can sometimes know too much, becoming more interested in what he knows than in what the class is learning. I have a secret sympathy for the Greek sophists in their contention that a good teacher doesn't need to know anything about his subject. Of course this assertion as it stands is foolishness. But it serves to emphasize the truth which it contains, namely, that a teacher ought to be more interested in his students than in his subject, and that he ought to strive to possess the art of teaching rather than encyclopedic knowledge.

Eighteen years ago when I sought to enter upon the career of a clergyman, the simple requirements of the denomination in regard to fellowship and ordination were most irksome. But they were nothing at all compared with the red-tape involved in obtaining the credential which is the pre-requisite for a teaching position. If one's training and experience has been a bit unusual, the process becomes almost as difficult as that hinted at by those who have tried unsuccessfully to gain admission to the Communist Party. It required prolonged correspondence to find out just what would be necessary in order to satisfy the requirements of the state board of education, but finally the edict was handed down: I must take certain courses, requiring one academic quarter, in a university department of education.

The summer quarter in departments of education usually draws a large registration from mature people, many of whom would prefer to take courses elsewhere, but who feel compelled to meet the particular educational requirements which the state board imposes. The instruction is given chiefly by visiting professors from other institutions. The summer when I registered the instructors were inclined to be apologetic concerning their courses, acknowledging the rebellious attitude with which the students entered upon the work and apparently sympathizing with them to some extent. It happened that my period of study was interrupted and that after two weeks I withdrew. The most vivid of all the impressions of that period are in connection with schemes for taking attendance. Most of the lectures were given in a room equipped with immovable chairs. These chairs were unnumbered, and were provided with adjustable arms for note-taking. Each instructor had his own system of numbering the seats, assigning seats by numbers, and making himself an elaborate chart to aid in recording attendance. It would then be called to his attention that many of the chairs which he had assigned had no back or no seat. This required a readjustment of his chart. By that time it would be discovered that some of the arms were missing or broken. At the end of two weeks some classes were still struggling with this fundamental problem in educational technique.

Nine months later in the spring quarter I tried again with much better success. The atmosphere of boredom was now reduced to a minimum. Classes were smaller. Instructors knew their way around. Most of them were friends or acquaintances of mine. Some of their courses, such as statistical methods and educational theory, interested me greatly. Yet I can not see that any of this study contributed directly to professional preparation, or that I was any better qualified to teach from having pursued it. The only course which dealt with classroom methods was largely a repetition of similar courses in religious education in my theological course, which were unrecognized by the state board. Yet there was one very definite practical result: I received a credential.

But a credential is not a job. So began a series of interviews, now with this principal, now with that. It was certainly a discouraging experience, almost as humiliating as the one which the minister undergoes when he candidates for a new pastorate. Just why there were so many high school principals who felt that their schools could worry along for another year without the prestige which I might lend to their faculties is hard to say. Perhaps they were afraid of an ex-minister, who might be expected to be queer, or to try to teach theology to the physics class, or not to know his secular history. It was cheering at the time to discover that so many of them had uncles or brothers or cousins who were ministers, but nothing ever came of it. Perhaps having a minister in the family made them less disposed to feel the need for one in their faculty. After several weeks of fruitless uncertainty, I gave up in disgust, burying myself in the mountains for a month. A few days after returning along came a high-school position from which a friend was seeking to be released and to which I fell heir. Just a week intervened between signing on the dotted line and going to work. This week was devoted to recalling what chemistry was about, and to learning to play all the instruments of the band and orchestra.

The new position took me three hundred miles

from my family (for it was not practical to move them on such short notice) into a lumber and ranching community, isolated from the other parts of the state during the winter months. Here, in spite of the fact that the work was enjoyable enough, I was frightfully lonely. There was one poorly attended reception at one of the churches, but otherwise the community made no effort to welcome and assimilate its new teachers. No pupil or parent, with one exception, ever invited me to enter his home for an evening or for dinner. If one were so disposed there were the bridge parties and the all-night dances. These I forsook for church socials, partly because they were less expensive.

There is an old joke to the effect that "every teacher should have good principals." I cannot speak too kindly of my principal, who was willing to take a chance with me as a teacher, who was never officious or unpleasant, and who tolerated my shortcomings so graciously. It is quite a different story that is sometimes told by the novice. The school was well organized and few were the criticisms of its policies. But neither there, nor in other high schools visited, have I discovered those modern methods of teaching which were implied in the course in "principles of secondary education," and which reasonably might be expected from a quarter-century of educational development. High schools of today, except for their enriched curriculum, apparently do not differ essentially from the progressive high school from which I graduated in 1905,—the East High School of Rochester, New York, presided over (pardon the personal tribute) by A. H. Wilcox.

It was an easy matter to get along with the other teachers. Individually they were agreeable enough. But collectively they made a queer combination. The fact that the men teachers and the women teachers were likely to get on each other's nerves, and the fact that younger did not mix well with the older, made social affairs impossible. The mere proposal of such a project in faculty meeting uncorked the vials of wrath, hurt feelings, and suppressed jealousies in combustible proportions. Whether we were naturally just a small-minded, small-town crowd, or whether we were merely exhibiting the influence of environment is hard to say. Whatever be the explanation, the facts were not professionally inspiring.

Among the pupils there were assorted varieties. Of the freshmen there were not more than a half-dozen in my sections who manifested any interest in anything. They were a blasé, sophisticated lot, looking upon the teacher, if not as an enemy, at least as an opponent. I made a genuine and continued effort to find something that would arouse a response of enthusiasm, but without success save in a few cases. Doubtless this situation arose in part from the inexperience of the teacher, but is it not also to be traced to the conventional emphasis in the grades upon discipline and obedience to the exclusion of interest and creative activity? The upper classmen showed to better advantage; out of about thirty chemistry students there were perhaps ten or fifteen who got a thrill out of the subject. Yet a "chemistry banquet" ended prematurely because so many of the group could not bear to miss the movie that evening. As a minister I had always been moderately successful in getting on friendly terms with young people, but this situation was baffling. Seldom did it ever occur even to those who were cooperative enough in the classroom that I would enjoy a friendly relationship with them outside of school hours. In fact the only group that exhibited any social intelligence in this direction was a Sunday School class which I taught during the spring months, and the members were often disturbed by the heretical views of their teacher.

After a year in high school work there came the problem of finding a position nearer home, preferably in an institution of collegiate grade. The developing junior college movement offered a promising field, but applications by mail are unsatisfactory and railway distances and schedules made interviews difficult to arrange. One prospecting trip led to some amusing experiences. A certain college president welcomed me with outstretched arms, and immediately began to outline the possible openings in his institution, into one of which he was sure I could fit. For the moment it seemed that he was planning to fire at least two, and possible three, of his faculty in order to offer me an attractive position and salary. Nothing ever materialized from his rosy pictures. A frequent excuse for turning me down was the plea that, although my credential legally entitled me to teach in a junior college, nevertheless the state university, with no real authority in such matters, might extra-legally and *sub rosa* veto my appointment. It turns out that the state university, as a university, disclaims ever doing anything of the sort, but that its department faculties may at times presume to pass on the fitness of men who are being considered for appointment in corresponding departments of other institutions, i.e. in the junior colleges of the state. To what extent this represents a political machine, and to what extent it is merely a convenient excuse by which college presidents rid themselves of unwelcome applicants, it is difficult to say. A college president who is not sufficiently intelligent to be permitted to choose his own faculty can not be much of a president.

On the first day of the summer vacation I found myself under contract for the next year in a combination teachers college and junior college within commuting distance from home. It is one of the oldest institutions of collegiate grade in the state. During the past ten years there has been a rapid expansion of courses offered and a corresponding increase in enrollment. At the present time there are over two thousand students, six hundred of whom are men.

In many popular articles upon education it is the fashion to decry the college professor of today as a timid individual, out of touch with all aspects of modern life except his monthly salary check. No such description can correctly describe my colleagues. Men and women of vigor, with youth and middle-age predominating, they exemplify varied capacities—scholarship, practical skill, previous success in other occupations, teaching ability. In other and supposedly superior institutions I have heard faculty members, whose main interest was research rather than teaching, berate their students in private conversation, damning the whole student body as lazy and incompetent. They feel that if the students could be eliminated, leaving the faculty in peace and quiet, the college might then become a useful element in society. No such spirit is in evidence among our faculty. On the contrary there is, if not a unanimous, at least a general disposition to see life from the students' point of view, to adapt the curriculum and the methods to the needs of all

types of students, and to give honest teaching labor for value received. Unlike the situation in the high school just described, and unlike the atmosphere in some other colleges, there is a genuinely friendly spirit shown by members of the faculty towards each other. Probably the spirit of criticism is not entirely absent (there are said to be a few who object to contributing one-tenth of one per cent of their annual salary to the faculty social fund), but complaint and opposition are not the characteristic attitudes. On the whole we are a happy and friendly group, sane on most matters.

Try as I will I cannot make the popular descriptions of the modern jazz-mad youthful moron fit our student body. No one would claim them to be of superior intelligence, for they are not selected for admission to college upon the basis of intelligence quotients. Many of them, I judge, come from working-class or middle-class homes, where education is still prized as something diligently to be sought. If they are sometimes overly anxious for grades, that is obviously the result of their earlier education. Every student is required to arrange his course of study with reference to some occupational objective of his own choosing. This means that success in college often comes to be looked upon as a means to an interesting life-work and to an improved standard of living. Not everyone, of course, finds a place for himself in the school, but among those who remain there is as mature an attitude of serious purpose as ought to be expected from a group who, after all, are still children. The methods of the old-time revival mixed with modern real-estate sub-division selling occasionally crop out in football rallies, and a few students permit their interest in athletics to interfere with their studies. Now and then some student puts one over on the faculty, thereby cheating his fellow students. But take them in the large and they are an alert, responsive, and friendly group, far preferable as associates to those who wailingly wonder what the modern youth is coming to.

Many people are curious to know how teaching compares with preaching. There is not much difference as to hours of labor; both jobs take a good share of one's energy. Teaching offers a regular schedule and definite duties; a pastorate may sometimes give more leisure only suddenly to demand unexpected emotional and physical strain, and always there is the haunting consciousness of unperformed duties. Everything considered, teaching is the easier task. It does not offer the thrills which occasionally come to the minister as he confronts some crisis or appears at some important public affair; on the other hand it lacks the unending series of heart-breaking disappointments which come in religious work. As for the feeling of freedom, I always had that in the pulpit, and continue to have it in the college. No one connected with the administration has ever attempted to dictate what I should or should not teach, nor have my classes been visited in an attempt to find out what I am doing or how I am doing it. It seems to be assumed that instructors know their stuff and can be trusted to do their work in an intelligent fashion. That which I have missed the most in making the change is permanence of relationship. The college quarter ends before one has had opportunity to become well acquainted with the students, and then one finds a new group awaiting guidance. The teacher has contacts with greater numbers, but the preacher's influence extends over a longer period of time.

This article ought to end on some homiletic moral note. But my brief travail in the teaching world has brought forth no very profound observations concerning what's wrong in education and what ought to be done with our colleges. Indeed, although I should not paraphrase Browning by claiming that "Hoover's in the White House, all's right with the schools," nevertheless it does seem possible to point out that not everything is entirely wrong and that some good things are being done. Concerning some of the defects of modern educational practice I have been made only too conscious during the past two years. But as the last reel of the film winds to the final fade-out of the story it flashes a vivid close-up of a group of rather youthful instructors and mature youngsters who are taking this business of education with some seriousness, and who are seeking to free their college from any suggestion of antiquated aims and methods by making it an institution of higher education capable of meeting the needs of all types of men and women in this ever-changing world. Perhaps this represents the force which is to purge education of its abuses and give it a new dignity and worth. ELMO A. ROBINSON.

Impressions of Oberammergau

[From Our Special Correspondent]

There has been so much written about the Passion-Play at Oberammergau that it seems almost superfluous to add anything to the vast amount of literature that already exists upon this subject. And yet, each visitor to Oberammergau reacts individually to the play, so that there can be as many descriptions of the play as there are visitors. It may therefore be of interest to some readers to hear the impressions of one who lives in Germany and who therefore approaches the Passion-Play from the angle of a fellow-citizen of the players. That the language can be understood is of course of great assistance in appreciating the play, for although the visitors from outside of Germany follow the play in their English version of the text, still just this may tend to detract the attention from the spirit of the performance.

The order prevailing in Oberammergau and in all the preliminary details of the visit there is wonderful. Many say that the whole thing has been commercialized and that the agents who sell the tickets and assign quarters are quite mercenary. I should like to know how it would be possible to accommodate the thousands of persons who attend each performance if there were not a business-like order in these details. The prices for rooms are not higher than those charged in any first class hotel in Germany, nor are the meals higher priced. And why should one expect to live cheaper in Oberammergau than anywhere else? Owing to the occupation of the peasants there and the great number who are engaged in the Passion-Play, there is scarcely any truck gardening done and all food supplies have to be brought in from outside. This alone raises the price

for meals somewhat. Then, too, the Play is held only every ten years, and the festival hall, the hotels, etc. must be kept in good condition during the years when visitors are scarce. Anyway, when one sees how easily tourists can spend money for other details on their trip, why should they object to pay for their visit to Oberammergau? The admission to the Play itself is very fair. It is not more than one pays for a good seat at the opera, and one has a play of eight hours' length.

As to the impressions of the Play itself. After the usual bustling of finding seats, buying a text, and getting settled, the audience settles down to a calm and composure that is beautiful. During the entire performance, morning and afternoon, the festival hall is filled with persons who are quite as subdued as though they were in church. One senses a certain sanctity in the air, an atmosphere of piety. The Prologue, spoken this year by the former "Christus," Anton Lang, in a voice that is the height of melody, fittingly introduces the various scenes and is supplemented by the chorus. This chorus of men and women, dressed in classic robes as in the Greek plays, weaves a garland of song and rhythm about the various scenes of the drama. Before the main scenes in the Passion, incidents from the Old Testament, having a similar inner significance, are shown in living pictures. These tableaux are in themselves worth coming to see. They seem like paintings and the costumes and the grouping of the figures are masterful in style and in artistic composition.

It seems almost impious to say that Alois Lang played Christ well. He does far more. He lives him. One is not conscious that the characters "act," they walk about the huge stage as though they were quite at home there and speak their lines as though they had just been inspired at that moment to give utterance to such thoughts. One is impressed with the humanness of all the characters. They are much easier understood and seem closer to one than is ever possible by reading the Gospels. How sorry one feels for Judas in his desperation over his act of treason; how touching is Peter, as he stands by the wall and weeps; how dear and loving is John, as he leads Jesus' mother on their way to Calvary! The visit to Bethany and the scene of the Last Supper are marvels of acting in their simplicity and human appeal. The figure of Christ in his relation to his disciples is one so filled with tenderness and yet almost superhuman strength, that one feels inwardly drawn to him and resolves to be his disciple also. The scene in Gethsemane is one that makes clear to the observer what it means to stick to one's principles, and what is necessary to carry to a conclusion a firm resolve. Christ, the perfect idea, is forsaken by all his companions, even Peter and John desert him in his hour of need. One fairly feels the sense of loneliness that overshadows Jesus, and which reaches its culmination in the words spoken from the cross: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." John and Mary come and try to help through the deepest agony by their presence, and at last comes the triumph over the grave, which erases from the mind somewhat the sense of tragedy which comes near to overwhelming it completely.

Many remain unmoved by the many scenes and even by the crucifixion. Perhaps they are unemotional people or perhaps they regard the play merely as a theatrical performance. It will always remain such for many. But a great number begin to understand in a dim way what Jesus did and what it must mean to be his disciple and follower.

The people of Oberammergau who take part in the play probably do not bother themselves very considerably as to what impression the Play makes on all these foreigners who come to see it. They perform the play as a solemn rite and a sacred duty. I believe they would perform it every ten years even if no one came to see it. The advertising that has been done for Oberammergau has been done by tourist agencies, not by the citizens of Oberammergau. For the tourist agencies Oberammergau means more than a visit to the Passion-Play; it means a round trip steamer passage, hotel accommodations all along the way, side-trips to many interesting towns and cities of Germany, and all the other fixings that go with a trip to Europe.

A little incident that occurred on the morning following the Play is significant of the spirit of the participants. I stood at the railroad station, waiting for my train to pull in, and chatted with a long-haired porter who had carried baggage down to the train. I asked him what part he played. "Yesterday I played in the mob," he replied, "but I have the part of one of the thieves this year. A few weeks ago I was injured in being taken from the cross and had to undergo an operation. As soon as I am strong enough again, I shall play the thief again." "That is too bad," said I, sympathetically. "Oh no," he said, with a bright smile, "I was glad to do that for my Savior." That is how they regard it—they are doing something for their Savior, and feel consecrated to a great cause.

In walking through the little town one is impressed by the expression in the eyes of the peasants. It is not only their long hair that makes them look interesting. They have an expression of inner peace and inner joy in their eyes which one does not find anywhere else. They live with their Savior, year after year, and their performance of the Passion-Drama is only the outer expression of what they live continually. I do not mean to say that they are all angels. Of course, there will be all the little rubs and irritations between them that exist everywhere else in the world where men and women are, but I believe that they have a higher view of life than most persons and that they actually try to be Jesus' disciples. At least, one is refreshed by the lack of rush and hurry in the demeanor of these people. They are kindly and treat all visitors with kindly respect.

The little cottage where I was quartered for the night was charming. My windows looked out onto the mountains and the swallows that had built their nest on the little balcony seemed not at all disturbed by my presence. In the room the Crucifix hung over the bed and beside the bed was a little image of the Virgin Mary with Holy Water. What matters it whether one is Catholic or Protestant, or belongs to any one of the many sects that bear some name or other! Do we not all want to be disciples of that spirit of Good that remained steadfast through all trials and triumphed at the last because Good cannot do otherwise than triumph? That seems to me to be the lesson and the significance of the Passion-Play.

THEODORE HAHN.

Heilfronn am Neckar, Germany.

The Study Table

New Books

The author of "A Social Interpretation of Education[1]" is already known by a series of books in the educational field. He himself considers them as prefatory monographs to the present work. He is a man desperately in earnest, and considering the clarity with which he states his problem, he has surprising optimism as to the outcome. His general attitude is shown by his specific attitudes to the two great Greeks—Socrates and Plato. For Socrates he has enthusiastic and unchecked admiration—the old teacher in the marketplace was a true pedagogue, attempting to save the young in a period of social disintegration; for Plato he has profound and outspoken contempt—the Academician, in the quiet retreat, disciplinarian, arresting development, controlling the mind. Hart recognizes that we are at an educational crisis. We have emerged from the simple and the primitive. The school that was once successful, at least not destructive, no longer meets the need. We have passed from a period of rural or village life into the enormous complexity of industrialism, of the great city. The child in the country or the village received much of his education by coming into contact with his elders, seeing them at work, helping in their labors. He was a part of the community and much of his education came from his participation in the community. Only a small part of his education came from the school, as such. But the school has failed, is failing. While this is preeminently true of the old school, the academic, disciplinary school, we must not build too much upon the new, child centered school. It is an improvement, but it has already made many errors and will fail to meet the need. It is necessary to again integrate the child in the community, a community that knows itself and realizes its relation and its duty to the rising generation. The goals to be sought are efficiency, social justice, and creative freedom of the individual. "We must get back of institutions to individuals and community realities, if we are ever again to have a real education for at least ninety percent of the human race." The book abounds in stimulating and interesting analyses and discussions. Its four major divisions are: the Institutional Interpretation of Education, the Psychological Interpretation of Education, How We Are Educated, a Community Interpretation of Education. It ends with the words:

> Must not educational statesmanship, accordingly, turn again with Socrates to the market place, and try to discover the real bases of real education in the actualities of the world? Do we not need, today, as never before since his own time, the inspiring example of this most modern of men, the ancient pedagogue of community, for leadership in the understanding, first of civilization, and then of education, as the technique of progressive perpetuation of civilization? Not his words, but his spirit.

Doctor Fisher's "Introduction to Abnormal Psychology[2] is intended as a text in a first course in the subject. He emphasizes two points of view—first, that mental abnormality is a purely relative matter; second, that mental abnormalities are to be considered as disorders of the personality, rather than of various mental processes or reactions. There is no hard and fast line between normal and abnormal but transition phenomena, intermediate degrees, between the more normal and the abnormal. Several chapters are devoted to the normal individual and normal types and a study is made of the conscious, subconscious, coconscious and unconscious. Three chapters are devoted to the modes of reaction to difficulties—trial and error reactions, persistent non-adjustive, regressive, compensatory to inhibition, repression, dissociation. Abnormal psychology is the failure to react successfully: in the extreme, it is dissociation. The different psychoneuroses are named and characterized; then the phychoses. In concluding chapters, sleeping, dreaming, hypnotism and suggestion are considered. The presentation is conscientious and restrained. The author indulges little in theories and avoids extreme statements. Suggested readings are listed at the end of each chapter and citation of cases is constant throughout the book. The book does not give preventive or curative treatment. It describes symptoms and conditions, suggests causes, stresses relativity. It aims to state what may be considered normal and how and where it becomes more and more abnormal.

Not a text for class use, but a study intended for parents and teachers, is "The Adolescent: His Conflicts and Escapes."[3] The authors divide the work—one presenting the physical aspects of adolescence, the other considering the adolescent in his adjustment to society. The adolescent, through the rapid bodily changes he is undergoing, has lost sympathy and understanding of his surroundings. He is struggling to self-confidence; he finds himself in a world which he does not understand; he is fearful and suspicious, in the presence of an environment in which he sees hostility and danger. He has to readjust himself, to enter into real life as it is lived by adults—or to lose himself in terror and despair. In the problem two elements must be considered, the adolescent individual and the environment. Our author analyzes this environment and shows how it is related to the uncertain, groping, individual. It consists of many factors—the state, the family, education, work, religion, sex, the muscularity of the individual himself. He finds himself in revolt against them all. The docile acceptance of childhood is gone. Explanations that were received without question no longer satisfy. The revolt naturally begins in the home, against the family; it extends to the other elements. One after another is challenged. Why must one conform to standards? Why refrain from natural tendencies which yield pleasure? The adolescent is not so much intentionally battling against things as they are, he is trying to find the reason for things and to put himself in safety. Our authors recognize that sex has its importance in this period, as in all others in life, but they refuse to give it an undue influence or to consider it the whole source of difficulty. A point that is not always considered in discussions of this sort is the great difference in the matter of adolescent adjustment between the child whom necessity forces early into industrial life and the one who is not so forced. The adjustment takes place with less conflict, but it is an in-

1. A Social Interpretation of Education. Joseph Kinmount Hart, New York: 1929. Henry Holtz & Co. 800 pp. xx 458. Price, $4.00.
2. An Introduction to Abnormal Psychology. V. E. Fisher. New York: 1929. The MacMillan Co. 16 Mo. Price, $2.00.
3. The Adolescent: His Conflicts and Escapes. Sidney T. Schwab and Borden D. Veeder. New York: 1929. D. Appleton and Company. 16 mo. pp. vii. 365. Price, $3.00.

complete and in some degree undesirable adjustment. The book emphasizes the duty of society toward the adolescent. With proper understanding of the problem, it could aid; it might show a sympathy and encouragement which would ease the situation. Near the end of their book the authors define the conflict, the struggle between the urge from within and the environment.

> There are three chief divisions of this conflict, although all are interlocked and interwoven. First, there is a physical conflict in that the adolescent attempts to drive his physical machine to an extent beyond its limited functional capacity. Second, there is a sex conflict which in its ultimate analysis resolves itself into the fact that there is no normal outlet for the biologically developing sex functions. Third, there is a psychical conflict in that his mind, seeking independence for the first time, finds itself blocked by the organization of the institution of civilization.

"Pupil Citizenship" is a working guide for grade teachers.[4] If it is a public duty in a democracy to send a child to school, it is surely proper to demand that the school should aim at making the child an active, interested, and worthy citizen. The book before us shows how the schools are trying to meet this demand. It is eminently practical and suggestive. Most of us are unaware of what is being done in this direction. The book gives a survey of the field. To your reviewer the thing seems ever in danger of being overdone. There is constant complaint of the crowded curriculum in our schools; the complaint is just. But the organizations, commissions, uplift movements from outside, aiming to make the poor children into models of civism, are appalling. They crowd and jostle to get at the child, with quite as much jealous rivalry as the subjects in the curriculum. Never until we read this book did we realize how opposed we are to "movements," with which we would have declared offhand that we were in hearty sympathy. For instance, take the "Iowa Plan" of character education methods and the "Hutchins Code of Morals," which was deemed worthy of a prize of $5,000—one shudders to think of the prigs that will result from their application. And these are but two in a multitude of well-meant "checking devices" and "goals" statements, which are competing and to which groups of children are to be subjected. "Formulas," "slogans" and "pledges" galore are being ground out. They are to be committed to memory, repeated, incorporated into the system! Surely there is something amiss in the psychology. There is danger in stuffing the child with these things. To produce prigs is bad enough, but when they become parrots, mere phonograph records, victims of echolalia, the case is worse. But with the general idea and purpose of the book we are in sympathy. The school ought to aid, effectively, in turning out informed and active citizens. The authors believe in the school of action. They would have the child learn community activities by participating in them. They believe that their subject should not be treated as a thing by itself, a subject in the curriculum; it should permeate the entire program. Instruction in citizenship can come through reading, composition, geography, arithmetic, history. These are sound principles. Practical suggestions are given by the citation of work done in Kansas City schools. Details of clubs, projects, dramas, school journals, etc., are given in illustration of what is possible, what is desirable, what produces actual results. Teachers will here find a rich fund of suggestion. Curious, is it not, that these four books here reviewed all deal with the one problem.—that of the adjustment of the individual to the society of which he forms a part? Surely the problem is urgent.

Scott Nearing's "Black America"[5] is the vivid story of an unhappy condition. The position of the American Negro is a hard one. He forms a subject race in a land which loudly announces itself a democracy, where all men are equal and every man has a chance. Yet here are millions of individuals who are born at a disadvantage and who live and labor under the heaviest of handicap, handicap due to race and which remains no matter what the character or achievement of the individual may be. Under three headings —Man Stealing, An Oppressed Race, The Negro Struggle for Freedom—Nearing describes the present day condition of the Negroes. The bulk of them live on the land, in the southern states, where they engage in agricultural labor. Relatively few own the land; most are tenants, and tenants against whom injustice and oppression are constant. The few who own land and through industry and economy make progress are in constant danger. Their very success engenders hostility and the slightest excuses are availed for their undoing. Exodus took thousands of them to northern cities, where opportunity was greater but where also discrimination, prejudice and hostility have hampered their progress. Some of Nearing's strongest chapters are grouped under the heading, *Keeping the Negroes in Their Place.* Here segregation and lynching are presented in all their ugliness and horror. Still, little by little advance is being made. More and more the Negro becomes an owner of property; he asserts himself more definitely; he reaches for power and attempts to break the economic shackles. Progress is slow; difficulties are many; hostility is deep-seated. Professor Nearing sees the final solution in collaboration between the white and black laborer, developing "a cooperative economic system under working class control." The book is illustrated with a remarkable collection of pictures representing many phases of Negro life.

Josef Washington Hall varies his mode. After his narrative "Land of the Laughing Buddha" and his discussion "The Revolt of Asia," he now, in "Eminent Asians" tries biography.[6] He emphasizes the idea of Asiatic individuality. That the characteristic of the Orient is impersonality is a trite saying. It is true. But it is also true that great personalities have emerged in Asia, both in the present and the past. To six of these personalities, recent—some still living—this book is devoted. They come, not from one land, but several. They are men who have changed conditions, who have shaped, or aided in shaping, national destinies. The six men are Sun Yat Sen (Chinese), Ito and Yamagata (Japanese), Mustapha Kemal (Turk), Josef Stalin ("Russian") and Gandhi (Indian). All are interesting men; all deserve recognition; all should be better known in the West. Hall's stories are of extreme unevenness. He is at his best with Sun Yat Sen; next with the Mahatma. He is least interesting with his Japanese. He was most personally interested

4. **Pupil Citizenship.** George W. Diemer and Blanche V. Mullen. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1930. World Book Co. 16 mo. pp. xii. 339. Price, $2.16.

5. **Black America.** Scott Nearing. New York: 1929. The Vanguard Press. 8Vo. pp. 275. Price, $3.00.

6. **Eminent Asians.** Josef Washington Hall (Upton Close). New York: 1929. D. Appleton and Co. 8Vo. pp. v. 510. Price, $5.00.

in Sun Yat Sen. He lived in China during the years when Sun Yat Sen figured most largely. He was, he tells us, adviser to Wee Peifu, with whom Dr. Sun had various dealings. When writing of China he speaks with the authority of one who was in personal contact with events. His relations with Gandhi were those of an observer and reporter. With Mustapha Kemal and Stalin his contact seems to have been of the slightest. He treats the Japanese—Ito and Yamagata—together, because he draws a parallel and a contrast between the two men, between whom there was a long-continued conflict in policies, which it seems to us Mr. Hall somewhat over emphasizes. The first part of his story of them is hopelessly dry; it needed not to be so detailed, in order to lead up to the really interesting portion of the tale. There is enough in the lives of these two men to be worth the telling, but Hall would have done well to cut out the first two-thirds of his narration. As a whole the book is a good one and well worth while.

It seems that there is a Hattie Elizabeth Lewis Memorial at the University of Kansas, founded in 1911. It provides for an annual competitive essay by students of the University upon "The application of the teachings of Jesus to the practical affairs and relations of life. Individual, Social and Political." Each year the committee in charge of the Memorial prescribes some particular aspect of the general theme. In 1925-26, it allotted as an alternative subject: Some Phase of International or Racial Relations. The award was given to Pauline Herron Smith who wrote upon "The United States and Japan —Their Problem and Its Solution." The essay has been printed in pamphlet form.[7] The essayist traced the historical development of the question, presents the "two viewpoints" American and Japanese, and suggests the probable solution in the light of Christ's teaching. An outsider—say a Frenchman—might easily have presented the Japanese viewpoint more forcibly, but on the whole the essayist is fair and shows a real desire to be just and Christian in dealing with the question.

FREDERICK STARR.

7. The United States and Japan—Their Problem and Its Solution. Pauline Herron Smith. (No place; no date). 8Vo. pp. 41.

Correspondence

Hindu-Muslim Unity in India

Editor of UNITY:

You in America often hear of the clashes in the cities between Satyagrahis and the Government. This, like the rocket, is very spectacular but is by no means the most important of the forces which will usher in freedom. As all other mighty forces of nature this power also is working silently and is to be seen welding the future of India in the unheard of villages. I have just received a report of one of the many little incidents that are going on all over the country leavening the masses and preparing them for the responsibility of a national government. I am passing this report on to you in all its simplicity as I feel, its very bareness will convey its message far more eloquently than any article from me.

Sincerely yours,

J. C. KUMARAPPA

Cementing Hindu-Muslim Communities

Fourteen villages in the neighborhood of Petlad, in Borsad Taluka, of Kaira District, had decided on non-payment of Land Revenue. Another village, Dawalpur, composed of a mixed population of Hindus and Muslims, had not definitely come into this pact. The headman of Dawalpur resigned as a protest against the Government policy of repression and a few persons refused to pay the land tax. The Government appointed a Muslim as headman and confiscated a few heads of cattle to realize their dues. The other fourteen villages felt this keenly and knowing that the plan of the government is to play the Hindus against the Muslims and vice versa, they set about bringing unity between the two communities so that they can stand as one man against the Britishers. They got together about one thousand volunteers — Hindus and Muslims—from their own villages. These volunteers distributed themselves, one each to a household, and sat all day—19th August—outside the respective houses singing sacred songs and refused food all day. (According to our custom the householder cannot himself eat unless the stranger within his gates is also fed.) This procedure of the volunteers meant the fasting of one thousand households that day. This created a strong public opinion. Hindus and Muslims called a joint public meeting that evening. Sjt. Quarachi, a Muslim member of the staff of Gujarat Vidyapith, and the Hindu Choirmaster of the Ashram, went down to this meeting. Sjt. Quarachi addressed the meeting on "Unity" and the choirmaster sang sacred songs appropriate to the occasion. Then the elders held a consultation and appealed to the newly appointed Muslim headman of Dawalpur and pleaded with his relatives. This resulted in the promising of the headman to resign and the villagers agreeing not to help the government in removing or buying confiscated property. Thus ended in victory their little Satyagraha.

Ahmedabad, India. J. C. K.

Good Music for the People

Editor of UNITY:

The impressive success of the Fiedler concerts on the Charles River Esplanade in Boston, following the good example at New York, St. Louis and San Francisco, has been no more remarkable for the right character of the programs and performance than for the size, quality and delight of the great audiences. This deep and continuous delight is a vindication of the people and a cheering refutation of the vulgar allegation that the people are given so much cheap and metricious music in concerts and over the radio because that is the sort of thing that is fit for them and what they like. Mr. Damrosch and all the conductors who come into real touch with the people assure us that the best music is never too good for the people and never fails in response; that the purveyors of the poor stuff constantly wrong them, giving them music that does not go over their heads half so often as under their feet; that our people are essentially music-loving people, and that the time is over-ripe for a national crusade in behalf of better music for the people.

England is demonstrating the same thing. In June there was given in the north of England a season of Promenade Concerts of the highest character. Manchester had a fortnight of the season, Liverpool and Leeds a week each, all of the concerts given by the Halle Orchestra under the direction of Sir Hamilton Harty. The response, under some unpropitious conditions, was astonishingly good. There was a total attendance of 40,000, fully justifying a renewal of the experiment next year, which it is believed would result in packed houses. "I have been greatly impressed," said Sir Hamilton Harty, "by the youth of the audiences. The great majority of the auditors were apparently young men and girls. That is a most gratifying feature."

"No concession," says the conductor, "has been made to what is called 'cheap' taste in music; and the result of the concerts has proved the great increase in the love of the best music which has come to the less wealthy classes of people in recent years." Commenting on the hundreds of letters that came for the final "request program," he said, "While a few people seemed to want a not very high type of music, the great majority, 80 per cent, desired orchestral works of the very highest class. It is perhaps surprising that the big Schubert symphony in C major won the greatest support. In looking for a reason I should say that a great number of people have heard this work on the gramophone, but have not had the opportunity of

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Abraham Lincoln Centre Friday Morning Forum

700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago

Program of meetings for October, November, December, 1930. Friday mornings at 10:30.

October 10 — John Green, baritone, recital.

Born in Columbus, Georgia, in 1901, attended public schools at Birmingham and A. & M. College of Normal, Alabama. Studied music with T. Theo. Taylor at Coleridge Taylor School at Chicago, 1925 to 1929. Awarded Rosenwald Fund Scholarship in 1930 and is now associated with Cosmopolitan School of Music.

October 17 — Solomon Goldman, "Are We a Civilized People?"

Rabbi, Congregation Anshe Emet, Chicago.

October 24—Harold D. Lasswell, "The Psychology of Political Agitators and Administrators."

Dr. Lasswell is publishing a book this fall called "Psychopathology and Politics," based upon investigations conducted in this country and in Vienna and Berlin. Dr. Laswell has published a study of Public Opinion Movement in the World War and likewise in collaboration with Willard E. Atkins, a book of materials called Labor Attitudes and Problems. He holds a Doctor's degree from the University of Chicago, although most of his graduate work was done abroad. Now Assistant Professor Political Science, University of Chicago.

October 31 — Ferdinand Schevill, "What Is Beauty?"

Professor Schevill calls this lecture "an inquiry based on a consideration of contemporary art and literature."

November 7—Kirby Page, "The Greatest Man Now Alive."

Mr. Page is editor of *The World Tomorrow* and author of ten volumes on international, social and religious questions.

November 14—Speaker to be announced.

November 21—Three Chicago Poets: Pearl Andelson Sherry, Gladys Campbell, George Dillon. Readings from their own poems.

Pearl Andelson Sherry (Mrs. Edward Sherry) studied at University of Chicago, member of U. of C. Poetry Club. Contributed verse to *Poetry, The Forge, The Dial,* the *Gyroscope*; contributed prose to The Third American Caravan. Winner, together with Marion Strobel, of *The Forge* prize one year, for a group of poems called "Poet's Ark," her best work.

The poem's of Gladys Campbell have appeared in *The Dial* and *Poetry*. She was a founder of *The Forge* and last year was awarded the Midland Authors Prize by Poetry.

George Dillon was associate editor of *Poetry*, 1925-1927, and a book of verses, "Boy in the Wind," was published in 1927 by Viking Press.

December 5—Arthur E. Murphy, "From Science to Philosophy."

Born in Ithaca, New York, 1901, Dr. Murphy is a graduate of University of California where his doctor's degree was conferred in 1925

December 12—Anna Louise Strong, "Russia's New Revolution—Collective Farms, or Abolishing the Peasant in Russia."

Among the speakers who will be heard from January 9, 1931, to the end of March: Percy Boynton, Mary Austin, Jerome Davis, Frederick Starr, T. H. Talmadge, architect, Mellis J. Abbott.

Course tickets, $5.00; single admission, 50 cents.

A fifty-cent luncheon will be served after each meeting. An opportunity for a social hour and conference.

Fifty-Third Annual Conference

Of the Iowa Unitarian Association at The People's Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

October 13, 14, 15, 1930

PROGRAM

The speakers will be: The Rev. Preston Bradley, D.C.L., of Chicago, Ill.; The Rev. Raymond B. Bragg, of Chicago, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference; The Rev. Laura B. Galer, Universalist minister, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Prof. L. E. Garwood, of the Department of Sociology, Coe College, Cedar Rapids; The Rev. Oswald E. Helsing, of Humboldt, Iowa; The Rev. W. Rupert Holloway, of Iowa City; The Rev. Laurence Plank, of Omaha, Nebr.; Mrs. Thomas G. Rees, of Boston, President of the National Women's Alliance; Prof. N. V. Russell, of the Department of History, Coe College; and Mr. M. L. Townsend, of the State Historical Society, Iowa City.

Monday, October 13

8:00 P. M.—Opening session of the Conference. Addresses of welcome by the Hon. C. D. Huston, Mayor of Cedar Rapids, and Mr. John M. Redmond, president of the People's Church. Response, Mr. R. K. Beatty, of Davenport, president of the Iowa Unitarian Association. Conference sermon, "Humanism, Theism, and a Third Way," The Rev. Laurence Plank.

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hearing it as often as other symphonies on account of its length and its difficulty."

The Cambridge University Musical Society recently gave a festival of British music. It began with a concert of madrigals and folk songs, followed by a lecture by Prof. Edward J. Dent on the Church music of the Restoration period, given on Sunday evening in King's College Chapel. Of the music given on Sunday evening, the local report says, "The most impressive thing was Purcell's great Latin anthem *'Jehova quam multi sunt hostes mei.'*" The effect of some of Purcell's funeral music played in a side chapel at the end was "magical."

Why is it that so little of the music of Purcell, greatest of English composers, is heard in Boston? Much of it is not difficult, and much is most melodious. At the annual recital by Mrs. Morgan's pupils in Brookline, this spring, all of them young, there were several Purcell pieces, all well and easily played, and all beautiful. But what we need is a whole Purcell symphony program. The notes by Philip Hale would be a liberal education, and a much needed education, for thousands.

The Cambridge University Society program of British music covered a period of 700 years and a multitude of composers. One night the madrigals were sung on the river beside King's College bridge, the singers grouped in four boats near a drooping willow tree. It was an ideal summer evening, fresh and green, the river bending round. It made one realize under what makeshift conditions we habitually listen to music in concert rooms and elsewhere.

The whole picture and the whole story set the Bostonian to thinking of the impressive musical effects possible on the Charles river basin; and the popular response to such efforts would be even greater than the notable response at the English Cambridge. The suggestions for all our cities are eloquent.

Boston, Massachusetts EDWIN D. MEAD

India the Milch Cow

Editor of UNITY:

The British have looked upon India as a great milch cow. But they have not treated her as a prudent and humane farmer would treat a cow. They have used her to plow with, and have neglected to feed her, until now the animal, emaciated and exasperated, refuses to give down her milk unless relieved from the yoke. That seems to express the present situation in a nutshell.

The Simon Commission merely recommends gilding the yoke a little, while riveting it still tighter.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Chilmark, Massachusetts.

Gandhi in Prison

[Extract from a Private Letter]

Dear Mr. Holmes:

. . . News from Babuji (Gandhi) in jail is good, so far as his health is concerned. But he tells me this week, in his letter, that it is now definitely decided by the Government that they will not permit him to see the people whose names he had written down as those whom he should be allowed to see in interviews. The consequence is we shall now not be able to have any further interview with him at all. Letter writing is still permitted to be carried on, but as he says this too at any time may suddenly be stopped, and adds: "We can only gain by self-denial. Therefore there need be no heart burning over the stoppage of interviews. It is better that spirit meet spirit. No power on earth can stop that blessed contact." With regard to his health, he says, "There is nothing new to report about my health. The weight keeps steady."

MIRA

Bombay, India.

Tuesday, October 14

9:30 A. M.—Round Table Discussion, under the auspices of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, Dr. Weatherly of Lincoln, presiding. The discussion will be led by Prof. L. E. Garwood. Subject, "Has the Family a Future?"

10:45 A.M.—Session under the auspices of the Religious Education Committee, Mr. Richardson, of Keokuk, presiding. The Rev. Laura B. Galer will speak on "Possible Religious Texts."

11:45 A.M.—First business session of the Conference.

12:30 P.M.—Luncheon at the Church.

2:00 P.M.—Address, The Rev. O. E. Helsing, "Local Extension Missions."

3:00 P.M.—Address, Mr. M. L. Townsend, "The Romance of the Early Years."

7:00 P.M.—Fellowship Banquet at the Roosevelt Hotel. Mr. Redmond presiding.

Wednesday, October 15

9:30 A.M.—Round Table Discussion under the auspices of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, Dr. Weatherly presiding. The discussion will be led by Prof. N. V. Russell, Department of History, Coe College. Subject, "The Outlook for World Peace."

10:45 A.M.—Address, Mr. Bragg, "A Liberal Looks at Europe."

11:45 A.M.—Second Business session of the Conference.

12:30 P.M.—Group luncheons, all of which will be served at the Roosevelt Hotel. Woman's Alliance, Mrs. Fred H. Hunter, Des Moines, director of the National Women's Alliance for Iowa, presiding. Mrs. Rees will speak. The Laymen's League, Mr. Redmond presiding. Address, "What a Chapter May Do," Mr. Harry O. Hansen, of Davenport. The Ministerial Union. Mr. Holloway will lead the discussion.

3:00 P.M.—Automobile drive.

4:30 P.M.—Meeting of the Trustees of the Association.

6:00 P.M.—Dinner served at the church.

8:00 P. M.— Annual session under the auspices of the Arthur Markley Judy Foundation. Address, Dr. Preston Bradley of Chicago, "Liberals and Labels."

Military Training Hard Hit

An opinion of great importance in regard to military training in colleges has just been handed down by the Attorney General of the United States in connection with the land-grant institutions which have benefited by the Morrill Act of July 2, 1862. Our militarists have for years maintained that this act made military training compulsory upon all students. In 1923, however, the University of Wisconsin placed military drill on an optional basis—to the anger of the War Department. The Department of the Interior held, however, that the university was legally entitled to take this step, and its position has now been upheld by the Attorney General. The effects of this decision may be far-reaching. Most of the students who now take the military courses do so under duress. In the more enlightened land-grant colleges there has been a desire to follow the example of Wisconsin, but fear that Wisconsin might have erred in its position has prevented similar steps. Indeed, the council of the militarized University of Illinois published in the *Illinois Law-Review* for November, 1929, an extended argument to prove that the land-grant colleges were morally and legally compelled to continue compulsory military training forever. With the seal of the Attorney General of the United States put squarely upon the opposite policy we should hear no more of the argument that all land-grant colleges must regiment their men whether the students wish to learn mass murder or not.—*The Nation* (New York).

Total Number of Arrests by Provinces in India

(1)	Ajmer	50
(2)	Andhra	2000
(3)	Assam (Excluding Sylhet)	50
(4)	Behar (To July 11)	3148
(5)	Bengal	6000
(6)	Berar	125
(7)	Burma	?
(8)	C. P. Hindustani	100
(9)	C. P. Marathi	150
(10)	City of Bombay (To July 15)	1456
(11)	Delhi	400
(12)	Gujrat	2500
(13)	Karnatak	450
(14)	Kerala	500
(15)	Maharashtra	900
(16)	N. W. F.	150?
(17)	Punjab (To July 16)	3015
(12)	Sind	300
(19)	Tamil Nad	1000
(20)	United Provinces	1100
(21)	Utkal	350
		23644

This is incomplete, it being impossible to collect full information owing to the way the government tampers with the post, and also because of the dislocation of congress offices owing to continual arrests of workers, especially leaders.

The number must now be over 25,000.

MIRA

Ahmedabad, India, July 25, 1930

Lectures by Anna Louise Strong

Anna Louis Strong expects to return to America during the last week of October, 1930. Her lecture schedule takes her in the neighborhood of Boston and New York during the month of November; in the neighborhood of Cleveland and Chicago during the first half of December. She expects to be on the Pacific Coast during the holidays and for two weeks in January.

She announces the following subjects:

1. "Russia's New Revolution—Collective Farming." This is very vital and very new. Miss Strong has specialized on it for a year.

2. "Remaking a Continent—The Soviet Five-Year Plan."

3. "Soviet Power in Central Asia."

4. "Freeing the Women of Central Asia."

5. "On the Roof of the World." This is a story of adventure with nomad Kirghiz, red soldiers and Russian scientists.

Correspondence for her lectures may be taken up with the Open Forum Speakers Bureau, 80 Boylston St., Boston; or addressed to her care, Hotel Wolcott, Fifth Avenue and 31st Street, New York City.

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